

Let In The Light

Moderat

My spirit rises,
off the plate,
in front of me.

And it drifts over,
to the space,
where she waits.

She speaks a language,
distilled by time,
to nothing more than.

Elbow and wink,
let in the light.
But obstruct my view.
Obstruct my view.

Let in the light.
But obstruct my view.